Western Reserve Chronicle

W.F.PORTER Sc.

PUBLISHED BY
HAPGOOD & ADAMS.
EMPIRE BLOCK.

A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day.

TERMS:
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS
PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 40, NO 43. WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1856. WHOLE NO. 2071.

Poetry.

Written for the Chronicle.

EARLY SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

Once again a flood of sunlight
Rests upon our verdant hills;
And a gush of mingling music
Comes from fountains, groves and rills.
Music from the gliding streamlets,
And from dancing waves we hear:
Music from the whispering zephyrs,
Lightly falls upon the ear,
And the insect's tuneful humming
As it floats through field and wood,
And the wild bird's voice of singing
Maketh glad each solitude.
And while all around is music—
Music, sunshine, every where,
Beauty walks each hill and valley,
Fragrance floats upon the air;
Every balmy breeze comes laden
With its wealth of sweet perfume
Stolen from the daisied meadow,
And the orchard's fragrant bloom.
Flowers there are on every hillside,
Flowers are bending by the brook,
Turn which way we may, a violet
Peeps from out each mossy nook;
And each day a new unfolding
Witness we of all things bright:
For each morn brings newer glories,
Fresher fragrance, purer light.
Yes, who thus at will, may gather
Blessings from the earth and air,
When your heart and pulse are leaping
At the sight of all things fair,
Pity those from whom earth's brightness,
All is shut by city walls—
Those who live, and toil, and suffer,
Where no ray of sunshine falls,
Save that which *will* sometimes struggle
Down through clouds of dust and steam,
And which resteth when it falleth,
Not beside the limpid stream;
Not among green grass and flowers,
But upon the crowded street,
Where the cold stone pavement, ever
Rings to tread of weary feet.
Pity those poor little children;
With what thrill of wild delight,
Would their yearning bosoms flutter
Could they once but catch a sight
Of our orchards, robed in blossoms,
Of the cowslips by the brook—
For they never wandered singing,
Hunting bird's nests in each nook;
Never listened to the music
Of the wild bird's morning song;
And their little bare feet never
Felt the dewy leaves among;
Nor their pinched and pallid faces
Ever felt the pure air's breath;
But in their bosoms, foul miasma,
Early sows the seeds of death.
Then, O turn to God! and thank him
For our pure, free country air;
For the health, the wealth, the sunshine,
And the music every where.

Choice Miscellany.

LIFE OR DEATH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia.—There are three or four lads standing in the channel below looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks with the almighty bridge over their everlasting abutments, when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars though it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that runs from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the whole earth. At last these feelings begin to wear away—they begin to look around them.—They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts, and their knives are in hand in an instant, "What man has done man may do," is the watch-word, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that shall be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side and side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand—and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; but as he puts feet and hands into these grains and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.—While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hands, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduation of his ascending scale grew wider apart.—He measures his length at every grain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker, till their words are finally lost in his ear. He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him. Had the glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder, to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the shaft. He can hear the voices, but not the cries of his terror-stricken companions below. What a meager chance to escape destruction There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceived this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall, with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers, and sisters, to come and witness, or avert his destruction.—But one of his companions anticipated his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds the channel and the fearful situation is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, awaiting that fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below.—He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: "William!—William! don't look down—your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you. Keep your eyes on the top."

The boy didn't look down—his eyes are fixed like a flint toward heaven; and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche added to the hundreds that removed him from human help below. how careful y he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical power—resting a moment at each grain he cuts! How every motion is watched below! There stands his father, mother; and on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down in the West. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this overhanging mountain.

The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom, its vital feeling is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon the cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more grains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; and his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the last grain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his hand and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all are as still as the grave.—At the heighth of nearly three hundred feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless prayers and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment, there! One foot swings off—he is reeling, trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is is within reach of the sinking youth.—No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swoooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness came over him with the words; God! Mother! whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down, and draws the lad up, and holds him in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY

An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey openly. She 'met him by moonlight,' while she pretended never to have seen him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose of Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a 'worm in the bud,' prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and he loved her dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would have never given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that the daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—'Mary, rather than mope to death, thou hadst better marry as thee chooses and when thee pleases." And what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or till her father had time to change his mind again. Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street could carry her. She walked into the house without knocking, for knocking was not then fashionable, and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and apparition as an heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not.—John looked up inquiringly. She walked to him and took his hands in her's:—'John,' said she, 'father says I may have thee.' And John got directly up from the table, and went to the parsons. In just twenty five minutes they were man and wife.

COTTON SUPERSEDED BY SILK.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Atlas* says:

We hail with delight the announcement that a *savant*, has just made so valuable a discovery in the art of preparing silk, that this article will become cheaper and more common than cotton. This *savant*, it appears, one day having nothing else to do, began to *think*, which is wonderful for a *savant* says Alphonse Karr—that there was but one creature capable of producing silk, that there was but, one description of vegetable matter, that of the mulberry tree, fitted for the creature's food; therefore, the silky substance must lie, not in the animal, but the vegetable matter: so at once the *savant* set about ("What! eating mulberries?" interrupted the *gamin* Louis Napoleon, when the story was told at the Tuilleries: he was rebuked by a *regard superior*, and the story went on)—the *savant* set about analyzing the composition of the mulberry leaf; and by boiling it to a thick paste, has produced every description of silk in immense quantities. I have seen several yards of manufactured, and although wanting a little of the gloss of that spun by the worm, I can pronounce it far superior to the finest *foulard* hitherto made. The price of the silk is five francs a pound when spun, being one hundred and twenty francs cheaper than that of the present day. This new method of procuring silk will at once be adopted in all countries, as the mulberry can be grown in any country, and requires scarcely any culture. The cultivation of this new branch of industry will do away entirely with that of cotton, so that slavery will have a natural cause of abandonment in the United States, little anticipated at the beginning of this century.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

In a late article in Frazier's Magazine this brief but beautiful passage occurs:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handsful of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emments—with humming bees and glass bee hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.

A COURT ROOM SCENE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

An old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the Court House; the lawyers who had finished their business had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State Prison Mr. Bartlett, the younger *gun*, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the Attorney General examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By and by Mr. Bartlett opened his eyes, cast a glance at the grey hairs of the culprit, yawned gently and turning to the Attorney General; said audibly—'I'll defend this man.' He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes—but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard.—The testimony, which appeared as clear as noonday, he pulled all to peices—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement—and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the jury declared the prisoner 'Not Guilty,' and the weeping man with clasped hands leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender.

'Let him out, constable,' said Mr. Bartlett, 'and now you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again.' The jury stared in wonder, and we left the Court House laughing, yet sorrowful.

COMPLAINING.

Neal, the author of the Charcoal Sketches, thus admirably takes off that class of people who are never so happy as when they are making themselves miserable:

"How are you, Terpid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Terpid?

'A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, I'm not going to be any better; and for the future you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Terpid, what's the matter with you?'

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My great-grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough when I'm bad enough, and there's no help. I'm going off some of these days right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general.—That's what finishes our folks."

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

The following passage is from the pen of Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia:

"A whole family in heaven—who can describe their everlasting joy? No one is absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter, are away. In the morning of the resurrection they ascended together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walked hand in hand, and as a family, they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. There is hereafter to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one to wander away into temptation. No one to sink into the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of wo, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant in his infinite mercy that every family may be thus united."

The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, "it is the title deed to sloth." The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes seldom fit the man who comes into possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half-filled pocket-book, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely and leaving off with the envious man's malice.—*Police Tribune.*

HORRIBLE BRUTALITY.

The Sheriff of Walker county, Alabama, recently executed a criminal in the teeth of a reprieve from the Governor. A local journal thus gives the particulars:

After dispatching the momentous document, Gov Winston concluded that it could not, by the mails, reach the destination in time to save the neck of the culprit, and he therefore dispatched a messenger, a Mr. Kendall, in post haste for Jasper, with a message to the Sheriff to put off the execution, as the reprieve was on its way, and would soon be received. The Sheriff received this communication a short time before the execution, and asked the messenger from Governor Winston,

"Where is the reprieve?"

The reply was that it would be there by the next mail.

"Mail——," said the Sheriff; "why in —— didn't you bring it with you?"

"Because" said Mr. Kendall, "the Governor didn't give it to me."

"Very well, then," said the Sheriff, with a fixed determination in his look, "that may do for Winston; he has been making himself a —— fool all winter by vetoing the bills of the Legislature; but ——him, he can't come in here. The judge has pronounced sentence on this fellow, and here are people who have come more than twenty miles to see him hung, and ——I mean to hang him." And, in accordance, he executed the culprit according to the sentence of the judge.

EXTENSIVE BLACK MAIL OPERATION.

The *N. Y. Tribune* gives an account of the swindling of a wealthy citizen of that city by a fascinating female and a man named Brown, who acted the part of the "injured husband." The alleged *crim. con.* is said to have taken place 18 years ago, and since that time the victim has been bled by Brown to the tune of from $50,000 to $150,000 rather than bear exposure. The police, as well as prominent citizens, have for years been aware of the circumstances; but the victim always refused to bring Brown to justice, preferring rather to lose his fortune than his good name. The last haul Brown made was a deed of some property located at Harlem, valued at $20,000; and to recover this back and bring Brown to justice, it is said, legal proceedings have been or will be commenced.

CAMPHOR AND STRYCHNINE.

The beneficial effects of camphor, as an antidote to strychnine, are illustrated in a case as reported by Dr. Tewksbury, of Poland, Maine. It appears that a boy was seized with convulsions, and it was ascertained that he had just eaten a biscuit, picked up at the door of an eating-house, that was made for the purpose of killing rats, and contained about one and a half grains of strychnine.—The boys spasms were so severe that immediate death was inevitable, though all the usual remedies were resorted to. Camphor could not be introduced into the stomach on account of the continued lock-jaw. Accordingly strong injections of camphor were used, and the body immersed in a hot camphor bath, and in a few hours the boy was comparatively well.

At a social party in Washington, Lewis D. Campbell was trying to explain away to his Republican friends the bad looks of his attendance and speaking at a Fillmore ratification meeting. He said he had not committed himself to the American nominations. "Yes," replied Seward, "I see what you meant, Campbell. You remind me of the dying Irishman, who was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am going into a strange country, and *I don't want to make myself enemies!*" Campbell laughed as if he rather appreciated the joke.

More Good than Evil.—Good never gets published, unless it be the good that goes into diaries and biographies, Pharisaic good, good which is on the turn, and to delicate nostrils smells extremely like evil. But the evil that men do fairly gravitates to the newspapers. I suppose the reason is, that we are one day to get rid of it utterly, and it is first of all requisite that it should come to the light, or be made known in the true proportions. However this may be, I am satisfied that the actual evil of the world, if it could only be once viewed in the light of its actual good, would amount to nothing more than a spot in the sun.—*Henry James.*

Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them. Women are like tulips—the more modest and retired they appear the better you love them.

CIVIL WAR IN KANSAS.

The calamity which has been so long impending, seems to have befallen our country at last. In the midst of an era of prosperity, peace and happiness as unprecedented as it was auspicious, when the great republic required nothing but repose and good government to enable it to achieve a most briliant destiny, the incendiary acts of political demagogues lighted the flames of sectional discord, and they now present the threatening blaze of civil war. The act which Douglas and Pierce had exalted into a sort of second declaration of independence, has produced at length the results which discerning men foresaw from the beginning. That which was claimed as a triumph of the right of self-government has proved nothing more than the privilege of disfranchisement—the patent of an oligarchy as foul and brutal as ever disgraced the annals of a nation.

Under one guise and another, the national government has labored as strenuously to prevent the settlement of northern men in Kansas as it was possible to do. It has removed its own faithful officers at the behest of adventurers who rejoice in the titles of ruffians and outlaws, and appointed in their stead the most contemptible tools of oppression.—It has seen without emotion the invasion of Kansas by armed bands, their seizure of the voting polls and ballot boxes, and their expulsion of the proper officers of elections. It has seen a whole legislature virtually chosen by persons not residing in the territory, and has lent its power to enforce usurpation. It has endeavored by its own official organ to defend and bolster up the character of that legislature and its acts—acts so atrocious and abominable that the South itself has recoiled from them. It has seen with apparent satisfaction ministers of the gospel, guilty of no other offence than attachment to the principles of civil freedom, seized by the same invaders, tarred and feathered, and otherwise shamefully maltreated. It has heard unmoved the tidings of citizens being murdered on their own lands, for no other crime than asserting their own rights. It has seen an army, gathered in Missouri, march across the border for the avowed purposes of pillage and outrage, and pretend to consider it the legal militia of the territory.

Accumulated wrongs have been insufficient to extort from the Administration a single effort for the defence of the people of Kansas. It has persisted in believing civil war impossible, while almost every man out of Washington has been looking for it as certain. Leading journals of all parties, south as well as north, have confidently predicted this result. But it was in vain. The Administration was determined to remain deaf, dumb and blind to everything in Kansas or concerning it. And now the war has come. An army of outlaws, shielded by the name and authority of The United States government, has laid seige to the largest, most populous and prosperous town in Kansas. The word has gone from mouth to mouth openly that Lawrence is to be razed to the ground, and not one house left standing to mark the place of its existence. The United States Marshal is the commander of the forces who threatens this, and his act it must be presumed is approved by President Pierce and his Cabinet.

Yet this same President Pierce is asking from the northern States, who alone have the power, that he shall be renominated as the Democratic candidate. He has abolished Democracy in Kansas. He has arrayed himself on the side of oligarchy and oppression, and yet has the effrontery to ask the Democratic freemen of the north, whom he has sought to deprive of their territorial rights, to give him four more years to insult and defy them. We can, unfortunately, do nothing more than point to the dread scene which is being enacted in the West, and mourn for the fate of the country. There never was a crisis in our national affairs which called for more patience and forbearance on the part of our citizens than the present. The power of the Administration is great, but thank God, there is a limit to it. And the hour is fast arriving, when, in the exercise of a privilege denied to the freemen of Kansas, we shall be enabled to brand as unfit for trust the tricksters who have been pushing us to the verge of civil war. But will they who have done this recognize now the danger of the work in which they have been engaged? Will they even at this late hour attempt to repair the mischief they have occasioned? It were in vain to hope it.—*North American.*

We ridicule others for their fears and failures, and fear and fail like them in like situations; for every path that looks smooth at a distance, is found to be rough when we have to travel it.

BISHOP MEADE ARRAINGED FOR PREACHING INCENDIARY DOCTRINES.

Some weeks ago we had occasion to chronicle the expulsion of a school teacher from the State of Virginia, for venturing to take the side of freedom in a debating society, in Loudon county, upon a question involving the relative advantages of freedom and slavery in Kansas. The appetite of Gov. Wise's constituents for proscription seems to have grown by what it fed on. They are now hunting higher game. The venerable Bishop of the diocese of Virginia has incurred their suspicion, and we presume is to be hunted out of the State for his inability to keep up with the progressive sentiment of the State upon the subject of slavery. It seems that he had occasion recently to administer the rite of confirmation to eight or ten slaves in Brunswick, and is reported to have remarked on the occasion, among other encouraging things, that he never felt himself "more highly honored than when allowed to confirm a slave." For this he is arraigned by a correspondent of the Southside Democrat, who says, "the people are very much against him;" that "he ought not to be tolerated; and that if the Bishop "feels himself called upon to administer to the spiritual wants of negroes so particularly, a free state is the best field of labor" for him

In other words, Episcopal ministration to the spiritual wants of the slave is an offence at war with the political and social repose of the State, and must be stopped.

Bishop Meade is one of the oldest bishops of the Episcopal Church; he belongs to what is termed the Low Church division of the denomination; he is neither a fanatic nor an incendiary, but a pious old gentlemen, who, doubtless felt the superior joy which he expressed, over one penitent slave than over ninety and nine free persons whose opportunity of receiving religious impressions were much less limited.—*N. Y. Post.*

HAVE WE ANY ADMINISTRATION DEMOCRATS AMONG US?

Three years ago, the Administration Democratic party in this State numbered in its ranks many of the most distinguished names in State History, and of the most eminent Statesmen of the Union.—Where are they now? Is there one Democrat in the State of New York of any eminence as Statesman, Scholar or Jurist, that supports the Administration of Franklin Pierce? Doubtful.

Judge Bronson, Gen. Ward, Judge Vanderbilt, Messrs. Cooley, O'Conner, Mitchell, Fay, Follett, Clark, left him two years ago and took with them the "Hard" division of the party.

Last fall, Preston King, Abijah Mann, William C. Bryant, Silas M. Burroughs, James W. Nye, Henry B. Stanton, Bradford R. Wood, Philip Dorshimer, and others, "too numerous to mention," repudiated him, and with a large proportion of the "Barnburner" division, helped to lay the foundation of the Republican party.

Now there is a third exodus, carrying off the very bone and sinew of what was left of the party. Among those who now refuse to hoist the flag or keep step to the music of the Administration, are such men as Ariel S. Thurston, the Soft candidate last fall for Treasurer; Addison M. Knox, last fall their candidate for Judge; ex-Speaker Chatfield, ex-Reporter Selden, ex-Senator Carroll, H. H. Van Dyeke and Benjamin Welch, Jr., the conductors of the leading Democratic journals; Messrs. Wadsworth, Rathbun, Loomis, Field, Jones Cochrane, Huntington, Fowler, Townsend, Angel, and others, long occupants of prominent official or political positions.

A few second rate Papers, and a few third rate Politicians, are all that are left to Gen. Pierce, in this State, of that majestic party which swept him into power in 1852 as by an avlanche. *Sic transit gloria mundi.—Albany Eve. Journal.*

Delinquents Look Out.

The Kenton Republican is going to try a new plan to make the absentees pay up. The editor says:

As a partial means of protection in the future, we shall *publish* every man who leaves *us* in the lurch. We will find his Post Office address and mail a hundred copies of the paper containing the sketch, to be distributed among the fellow's new neighbors. We intend writing a polite note to some of them that have gone; and unless they, *shell out*, shall give them a receipt through the columns of the *Republican*. We are compelled to resort to this course as a means of self protection.

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag, as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Because, for every grain of corn, they give a peck!

ABOMNIABLE OUTRAGE AT HENRY ILLINOIS.

The Lacon *Gazette* gives the particulars of an outrage, that was perpetrated in the town of Henry, on Tuesday. Miss Cordelia Throop, Principal of the Northern Illinois Institute, with two young ladies, pupils of her school, rose at break of day, for a morning walk, to pluck some flowers, with which to prosecute botanical studies. When a quarter of a mile above the city, on the bluff, a man overtook the little party and violently seized one of the pupils, but she escaped from his hold; he then caught Miss Throop, and with one hand held her by the arm and with a dirk-knife in the other hand threatened to kill her. He then caught her by the throat, at the same time repeating his threat that he would kill her, dragged her on the ground several rods, released his grasp and fled. One to two hundred men were in immediate pursuit, but at the latest date had not found him.

The Price of an Irishman's Life.

The Hon. Mr. Herbert, Democratic Member of Congress, assaults the Irishman Keating, (because he refuses to disobey his employer,) then shoots him, for defending himself. Mr. Herbert is bound over to answer to the charge of killing Keating in the sum of one thousand dollars. The price of an able-bodied slave on a southern plantation varies from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. An Irishman's life, according to Democratic valuation, is worth only a thousand.

The New York Tribune says:

The Irishmen are expected to sustain the Sham-Democratic party, but the members of that organization do not back the Irishmen. Witness the votes of that party in coalition with the Fillmore Know-Nothings to suppress investigation of the killing of Keating. If Keating had killed a member of Congress, of course he would have been hung in double quick time. But the case being reversed, and Keating being the victim, the Democrats and Pro-Slavery Know-Nothings combine to suppress an investigation of the facts of the case—the former not doubting that the Irishmen will think none the less of them for so doing, but that they will go on voting their ticket as usual. Perhaps they will, perhaps they won't. A gentleman from New York, a stranger in the city, has taken a deep interest in the widow and orphans of Keating, and has declared his purpose of aiding her in getting a petition before Congress for a pension.

Excitement at Auburn.

The good people of Auburn are having quite an excitement growing out of that foolish preformance of "getting married in fun." It appears that a young gentleman, the son of one of the most prominent citizens of that place, and a young lady of very respectable standing, called on a minister a few days since, with the request that he unite them in "the holy bonds of wedlock." Being well acquainted with the parties, and deeming the request somewhat remarkable, he asked them if they really were in *earnest*, and they answering affirmatively, he married them in regular form, his wife being the witness.—They then "went on their way rejoicing." But the *joke* of the thing, (if it can indeed be called a joke,) is, that the parties, as they now assert, were *only in fun*—but having been regularly married, at their own request, and by a minister of the gospel, they are legally declared man and wife, and can't back out of it! It appears that both the lady and the gentleman are engaged to be married to other parties—that said other parties are irreconcilably indignant at the conduct of their respective lovers, and that they won't have any thing more to do with them. The consequence is, that Auburn is excited on the subject; the unwilling couple are bound to "stick to the bargain," and efforts are on foot by their respective friends to make it "all right."—*Buffalo Republic.*

Knickerbocker Clark tells this anecdote in his "Editor's Drawer:" The poet Longfellow at a party in Boston asked a French gentleman, who happened to be present, why he seemed so sad and unhappy at that moment? To which the latter replied, "Me very most dissatisfy. Me jus hear zat my fadere be dead!"

A gentleman was promenading a fashionable street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out:

"Oh, pa, there goes an editor!"

"Hush, hush!" said the father, "don't make any sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet."

A vain man can never be altogether rude. Desirous as he is of pleasing, he fashions his manners after those of others.

Be not the fourth friend of him who has had three before and lost them.